

The Sins of the Fathers

Their Families Pay
The Heaviest
Penalties

If They Could Only Look Into the Hearts
of Their Children They Would
Wake Up.

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

FOR months past I have been in touch with this girl—the girl who is suffering from the sins of her father, and my heart aches for her, the burden bearer of the family, a young slip of a girl.

He is in jail, this father, and of course she believes him innocent, but nevertheless she is the sole breadwinner and has taken his place as the provider and comforter of her mother and the other children in the family.

And what a fight this young thing has made to get her father out of prison. She has left no stone unturned, and I am hoping that something will happen soon that will be liberating—if only for the great fight that this girl has put up in the whole miserable affair.

She begs me, as she has begged others, to help her, since he has been in prison for some time.

"He has paid," she cries, "and we have paid with him—every day—every moment. The thing is over present with us. We cannot shake it off. The law said he was guilty. I am not condemning it or even trying to condone his offense through that law, but surely, surely, we should not be compelled to go on and on suffering this way, without some justice to us."

And now she has lost her job. All because she has to give so much time to the great effort she has made trying to get a pardon or parole for her father.

And the spirit of her is unquenchable. It will not down. She is seeking another job, and still another avenue to free her father. This girl has the stuff of which real heroines are made, but she does not realize it and it matters not to her. She goes on carrying her cross quite as a matter of course.

If any one has suffered from the sins of her father, this young girl has, as well as the other members of the family.

In lesser way, but just as unbearable, young people are called upon to stand the stigma and suffer the shame of what some parent has done.

I know a young woman, whose father is intoxicated nearly all the time. They are not well off, but always has the means to buy "booze." Every time she brings some young friends home he is sure to be in this condition, and worst of all, he boasts on making himself conspicuous before the young people.

The agony of mind that this young woman goes through in front of her friends is indescribable. The foolish spectacle of her silly father has given her more sorrow and suffering than can be estimated.

Then there is the daughter of a gambler—how she hates the very name of gambling! She bitterly resents and feels keenly the fact that her young friends will not come to see her because they know of her father's profession.

True, she has everything that money can buy—the material things, but the knowledge as to how her father makes this money is a constant crushing force, above which she does not seem to be able to rise; she presents a sad picture.

I am acquainted with a boy whose father has been apprehended by the police several times for the selling of drugs to drug addicts. This boy is a splendid young chap, and it is only because of his innate strength that he has been able to resist following in the footsteps of his father. But he cannot lose the suffering attending thereto.

He is going to school in an effort to become a professional man, but always he is confronted with the deeds of his father that tend to hinder him in no small degree.

Then there is the mother who is overfond of gayety and the night-life. She leaves her young children constantly in the care of strangers who have no interest in them.

This woman does not realize that they are forming habits—habits of deceit to gain childish desires. Only this mother can be held responsible if they grow up with bad instincts.

Another case comes to me of a man who makes his money arranging certain shady contracts—contracts made with poor people in which they never get their money's worth. There are a boy and a girl in this family. They know all about these unsavory deals and are humiliated because of them.

It seems that in the course of their parties they have come in touch with young people whose parents have lost on account of such contracts. They have learned the injustice of their father's acts and have gone to him about it, but this parent only tries to cover up his transactions with excuses, yet continues to cause his children many sad and sorrowful times.

And so I could go on, setting forth the various ways in which the sins of the fathers are visited on the children every day, every hour.

The trouble with it all is that such people are selfish. They do not stop to think how their acts will react on their children. They are living only in the immediate present. They are glutted for gain—gain that hurts rather than helps.

Many such people if confronted with their wrong-doings would say that they were acting in the interest of their children. If they could only look into the hearts of their children and realize the miserable life they are being made because of the misdeeds of their father.

I dare they would wake up—some of them at least—to a realization of what their sins actually develop—yes, even into the third and fourth generation."

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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ACNE.

OF all the things that detract from the general good appearance of the face acne stands paramount. Acne is simply the name

for skin eruptions other than blackheads or pimples. The eruption usually contains some pus substance and is of many varied kinds. The persons whose misfortune it is to have even the slightest trace of such a skin disorder are bound to feel very sensitive about their appearance, because, to put it mildly, one does not wish to look twice at a face marred by these disfiguring blemishes.

The real cause is usually of a rather serious nature, indicating a diseased condition of some internal organ, or dyspepsia, indigestion and disturbances of the liver, kidneys and even the lungs. It is nature's way of forcing through the pores of the skin impurities that through some congested condition she has been unable to eliminate through the natural method. But there are many cases of a less serious nature which come from a nervous condition and which readily respond to general treatment.

At the slightest sign of any form of acne the general condition should be examined and the cause determined. But if you are a sufferer from such a condition you will find to your joy that even an apparently stubborn case is immediately cured when the diet is changed from too rich and heavy meals and replaced by a diet containing more fruits and vegetables, especially those of a laxative nature. Not only is this necessary, but the blood must be purified by spending more time in the open air, and the system must not be impoverished by late hours or dissipation of any kind.

The general upbuilding suggestions mean as much for you as the prescribing of drugs. When the general diet and mode of living have been attended to a little attention to the face will greatly improve the condition. One of the first things to remember is that the secretion from these eruptions is often infectious and that it is spread from one part of the face to another by unsanitary methods of washing. It is also well to be careful that no one else touches the handkerchief or towel that has been used on your face.

The effect on the skin of a course varies. On greasy skins many blackheads will be visible and later on little pointed cicatrices, but on dry skins the congestion is liable to leave the face scaly and with many premature wrinkles. You will find that paying attention to the general health will give you a more satisfactory and speedy recovery than will the application of any outside lotion, but I also want you to beware of either strong or salves that contain any astringent alkalis that are liable to aggravate the condition, as this sometimes leaves a permanent scar. The following cream is very soothing for an irritated condition:

Oil of vaseline..... 40 grams
Lanolin..... 40 grams
Lard, and some castor oil..... 40 grams
With a few drops of any perfume you may prefer.

After you have cured the irritation and the general health has been improved through diet and systematic exercise, you will find that you will not so readily have a recurrence of this disturbance if you are faithful in the facial massage, directions for which have already been given. As many of the cases of acne are due to slight congestion of the skin the improved circulation from the massage will remedy this.

How We Happen to Have Apples

OF the multitude of varieties of apples now cultivated in various parts of the world, but especially in North America, the first was the fruit of what, in its wild state, is known as the crab tree. All of the delicious apples now displayed on the fruit stands are varieties of the small and bitter species which in ancient times grew wild in parts of Europe and Asia. The cultivation of the fruit of what, in its wild state, is known as the crab tree, began in Europe centuries ago, but it remained for Americans to make the greatest progress in this direction. One of the first of these benefactors was Leonard Baldwin, who was born

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



Courtship and Marriage

By Betty Vincent

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"DEAR MISS VINCENT: I am a young girl, still in my teens, and I am engaged to a young man two years my senior. Now Miss Vincent, I love this young man dearly and I am sure my love is reciprocated, but when we are together we quarrel almost constantly over the most trivial things. Do you think this is real love, for we can't seem to give each other up?"

"PUZZLED PEGGY."

Young people who really love each other are very apt to get into a little narrow rut like this. Try to avoid the subjects that worry you. Get the young man talking about business affairs, sports and the things which take up his life. Above all, retain a sense of humor and this will make your bickerings easier to forget.

"Dear Miss Vincent: I am a young man of eighteen and have been going out with a young woman one year my junior. I like her very much and she also has said she cared for me. Recently we went to a party which I did not care to attend. We had a little fight about it and I did not have her a Christmas present. I am very anxious to go out with her again, so do you think it would be all right to ask her since I did not remember her at Christmas time? LOVELESS."

By all means try it again. Do not let the non-Christmas present stand between you. Besides, one doesn't have to wait until Christmas to give a little note inviting him to call.

"Dear Miss Vincent: During the summer and fall I went around with a young man I learned to love. Then we had a quarrel, and, although he tried to make up and asked to take me out, I refused. About two months ago I met him at a social gathering and, while he spoke to me, he acted rather indifferent. I would like your advice how to gain his friendship. D. and B."

Of course the young man would be "rather indifferent" when you refused to go out with him. When you refused to go out with him, you were invited you, I think you would be perfectly justified in writing him a little note inviting him to call.

Dear Miss Vincent, Have been going with a young woman for almost three years, but many times we have broken off and frequently I am out of town. Recently after coming back to town from a six months' absence she said she was going with "another chap and wanted to be true to him, but that they often quarreled. Then a few days ago she wrote that it was all off with him and she wanted me to come back as a good friend. Do you think she cares for me?"

Many young couples fall out like this. The very fact that she told you about the other chap proves her honesty and open-heartedness. There is no reason in the world why you should not renew your friendship.

The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband?

The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dayton, eighteen, who has just entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two lovers, Billy Bracton, her own age, and Harrison Townley, a well-to-do bachelor, ten years her senior. The office opens new experiences, brings new lovers. Begin reading this story to-day. Every installment a new episode in Peggy's affairs.

JACK REED IN A NEW LIGHT.

"It's funny how the girls always get everything their way."

Peggy kept up the conversation for a short time, but she found her eyes constantly wandering her wrist watch and wondering why Jack didn't do it in a moment. At 3:30 she realized he wasn't coming. Had Marion Minton an engagement with him?

"Well, I must run along," announced Billy in rather a gloomy voice. "Invaluable must be bored too long."

"Oh, don't go yet," begged Peggy, trying to lighten up. But Billy was on his feet and reaching for his hat.

"I suppose Jack Reed sent those," he shot at a parting, pointing to the envelopes, and then suddenly becoming more like himself he took her hand and said: "Well, old top, I'll drop in again to-morrow evening."

The next day, just at noon Jack Reed came in with all the sparkle and dash of an express train.

"Great time, I suppose you think you a beast, Peggy," he announced. "But I knew that early 1922. Billy Bracton would be here last night, so I planned to take the train trip off to-day and make out of a time when I knew I could see you alone."

"Rather foxy of you, isn't it?" laughed Peggy.

"Merely diplomatic," corrected Jack. "Peggy, I'm going to tell you something about the Jack Reed I know. He's a little different from the Jack Reed you know."

"What right had Marion to assume that she did not at least like Jack Reed?" Marion came to see how Peggy's ankle was getting along, but their conversation was now continued to Jack.

"It's too bad you don't care about him, Peg," Marion had said. "Then she flattered her a bit about the number of admirers she had, and before leaving announced that she knew she would 'stand in' for Jack himself."

"That evening Billy called, as Peggy well knew he would. Billy was in high spirits and did all he could to cheer her.

"Why didn't I slip on the ice and sprain my ankle too?" he asked.

To-morrow—in which Jack Reed continues his proposal.

The Filmaster General

Movies Will Now Undergo
New Process of Haysing

From 2-Cent Steel Engravings of George Washington, Hays Leaps to Million-Dollar Pictures.

By Neal R. O'Hara.

BILL HAYS, our enterprising Secretary of Stamps and Post Cards, is on verge of fading out from job. Bill will become Filmaster General. Idea that he will be Judge Landis of movies is all wrong, though. If Bill was Judge Landis of the movies he would grab extra job from movie magnates and stay on Federal payroll just the same.

As Filmaster General, Bill has charge of the first, second, third, and fourth class movies, and there are certainly plenty of each. He gets twice as much salary as Prexy Harding and practically the same amount as Douglas Fairbanks's head valet. In other words, Bill grabs \$150,000 per annum. And that is enough to buy almost anything except an election in Michigan. Bill is also insured for \$2,000,000, in case the movie barons talk him to death.

After one year in Post Office Department, Hays runs Government contract through cancelling machine, gives farewell name and address to fellow Cabinet members and hops off for movie land. Hughes wishes him better luck in California than he had. Glycerine tears stagger down countenance of Cabinet boys. Laddie Boy wigwags grief with stub tail. Bill is off for his new postish. As mark of respect for departing Postmaster General, all U. S. mail stops for forty-eight hours.

As celluloid czar, Bill will uplift the shifties. No more rough stuff! Bill Hart will pawn his guns and kill off bad men with pea shooter. Doug Fairbanks gives up jumping into second-story windows as bad example to our youth. Charley Chaplin grabs official order to quit kicking guys below the belt. The hard-boiled stuff is being Haysed.

Uncouth scenarios are on the skids. Scenes of fires, bootlegging and railroad wrecks under G. O. P. Administration are positively nix. Ideal shots for movies weeklies will be annual flower show at Sedalia, Mo., and parade of Boy Scouts at Lincoln, Neb. Everything on the up-and-up. That is the motto of rejuvenated movies.

Bathing gals on Pacific Coast get two weeks' notice to get clothes out of hook. Under new and antiseptic rules, California bathing cuties should not be sun-kissed in spots where Eastern mermaids are too modest to be sunburned. Looks like Filmaster General will throw 500 one-piece tailors out of work and make 10,000 two-piece seamstresses busy. But when bathing beauties cavort in two-piece woollen make-ups, it won't take U. S. marines to guard the males.

Under rules imported from P. O. Department, it will cost each movie actor 10 cents to register love, hate or anything else. When scenario calls for something to be wrecked, simply send same by parcel post. When identity of character in plot must be established, boys from money order window must give their O. K.

So far as the salary goes, there will be some change in Will's new job, but otherwise not so much. Movie magnates with million-dollar careers in back of 'em don't outnumber G. O. P. boys in the Senate. Starving scraps in Hollywood are no more numerous than starving ex-Democratic Postmasters. And super-pictures that film dukes get out are no better than 2-cent pictures of George Washington that were basis of Will's old \$12,000 job.

"That Jack Silver lost his money, don't you see?" Mrs. Jarr interrupted to say, "But he's got money again, and Clara Muddridge-Smith's heart is broken. She says she sees now she threw her life away on old man Smith; and she doesn't see why Jack Silver couldn't have died of a broken heart on her account, instead of seeming to care at all that she jilted him."

"Yes, I remember Clara Muddridge-Smith and hypoten as she is now—called Jack Silver's half room boy when he went broke. So now she says if he was broke in his pocket and she jilted him he should have gone broke in the heart too?"

"That's it, and won't she be just furious if Jack Silver does propose to one of the Cackelberry girls and marries her?" Mrs. Jarr replied.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" Mr. Jarr inquired. "Your purpose as a broker of cupid is a double-barrelled one. You want to be in on the spoils, and you want to make a former sweetheart furious?"

"Oh, don't talk so much!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "You put a wrong construction on everything I say. Shall I send the Cackelberry girls your love?"

"That's all right," Mr. Jarr replied. "I'll be glad to do it for you."

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